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TO ALL PARTS of the WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, Cross St., and 2, VICTORIA ST. (late of the Arcade.)

Vol. III—No. 115. MANCHESTER, Saturday. OCTOBER 22th. Price One Penny.

TEA.
THIS YEAR'S GROWTH,
VIA SUEZ CANAL,
AT
J. F. MART'S
Establishments,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SALFORD
110, Borough Buildings, London Road;
AND
62, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.
Congou .....2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, rich Pekoe-flavour, 3s. & 3s. 4d.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

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SHORTLY,
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BLACKFRIARS
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A very general impression prevails among the people of this country that Brandy is distilled by the Merchants abroad who ship it to this country, and whose names have in the popular mind become synonymous with the words, "Cognac Brandy."
A very short explanation will show how totally without foundation this impression is. Brandy is really made by the numerous large and small proprietors of vineyards around Cognac, in the Charente Inferieure, who in the first instance make their grapes into wine and as soon as the fermentation has ceased, set to work and distil the wine, the spirit from which is the fine Brandy of Commerce. Immediately after the distillation is completed, the Brandy is purchased in large quantities by the Cognac merchants, who ship it to the various markets for which they have orders. The farmers take their Brandy to market just as farmers here do their corn, and, as a rule, vie with each other in their endeavours to get a name for quality, and each acts on his judgment in selling, some selling at once, some preferring to hold over and sell it when old, and some doing both. A great quantity of each year's produce is purchased in this country and brought over at once, and kept in bond till such time as it is wanted for use. It is a mistake the public make to suppose that because Brandy is bottled in France, and bears this name or that, it is therefore better or older than what respectable merchants sell in England. That which comes in bottle is precisely the same quality of Brandy as that which comes in cask, and, as a rule, it is sent younger and costs more, owing to extra expenses, than what regular merchants in England put up themselves, as they keep it in bond till fully matured. We advise the public to place no confidence whatever on the mere putting up of the article in bottle in France, but to BUY VALUE and NOT NAME.
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OLD COGNAC BRANDY
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and confidently ask comparison with Case Brandy of any shipper at 60s. to 72s. per dozen.
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SODA WATER,
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HAVE REMOVED from 22, Oldham Street, to those CENTRAL and COMMODIOUS PREMISES,
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Where the Public are respectfully requested to call and inspect their new
"SILENT-WORKING" SEWING MACHINES.
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Reduced Price Lists Gratis and Post Free.
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REAL SABLE MUFFS, ONE GUINEA.
WINTER HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
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WAREHOUSE, 13 & 15, SMITHY DOOR,
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We are Now Submitting our CHRISTMAS STOCK of DINNER, DESSERT, TEA, AND TOILET SERVICES.
The most Modern Shapes and Newest Patterns.
CUT GLASS DECANTERS, WINES, &c.,
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THE MOST EFFECTUAL PREPARATION for destroying Cockroaches, Beetles, and Crickets, is HUGHES'S TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER. Sold by all Chemists, in 3d., 6d., and 1s packets, and at the Proprietor's, E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Victoria and Cateaton Streets, Manchester.

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THE MIDDLE VOLUNTARY.—See Notes to JOULE'S DIRECTORIUM CHORI ANGLICANUM. 4th Edition.

"THE HUGE IDOL."—*(Sphinx.)*—DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND ORGAN AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH. 5th Edition.

ESTABLISHED, 1847.

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FUR, SEAL, and ASTRICAN JACKETS, Fur Trimmings Fur Hearth and Carriage Rugs, Buffalo Robes, &c.

WE ARE NOW
SELLING THE NEW SEASON'S TEA
At our TEA ESTABLISHMENTS, at the
Corner of OLDHAM STREET and SWAN STREET, and at
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AS UNDER:—
Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
The Tea at half-a-crown is quite a favourite.
The Popular Tea for heavy consumption is the one at 3s.
Those Teas at 3s. 4d. and 3s. 6d. are very fine flavoured.
Our Best Black Tea at 4s. is especially selected for our trade.
WM. SATTERTHWAITE, TEA MERCHANT.

White and Sound Teeth.

ESTABLISHED
BY MORE THAN
Thirty Years' Experience
And Numerous Testimonials,
AS THE BEST, SAFEST,
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Effectual Dentifrice extant.

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CLEANSING BEAUTIFYING
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Chemists
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TO ENSURE THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE PREPARATION,
PARTICULARLY OBSERVE
The Trade Mark and Signature
OF THE PROPRIETORS.

Jewsbury & Brown

AB-O'-TH'-YATE ON LIFE INSURANCE.

(From "Ab-o'-th'-Yate's Life Policy.")

(Continued from our last.)

"What, by the Hokey! *brass* i' thy pocket o'er *gooin'?*" exclaimed the landlord, as Ab tendered payment for his pint. "Wayvin's lookin' up, I think. Mind theau doesno' turn th' wrung road when theau'rt gooin' eaut, an' think theau'rt gooin' whoam."

"Eh, mon!—brass is no object to some folk," said Ab, making such a jingling row in his pocket that it caused "Pepper" to stand as if transfixed with wonder. "If theau knows anybody ut wants a friend, send 'em to me. I've seen th' time I've wanted one mysel', so con pity poor folk. But I say, Pepper, con theau tell me wheere Sam Smithies' place is?"

"It's i' one o' thoose streets off High Street, but I conno' say exactly which. "If theau'll co at owd Raiph's, they'n tell thee. Art gooin' t' ha' some moore Lunnon *pop*, or summat?"

"Howd thy noise!—I mun ne'er taste o' *that* stuff no moore. It's summat else I want t' see him abeaut. Is yo'r clock reet?"

"It should be. I set it by th' *skrikin' jackass** this mornin', and that's coed reet."

"Then I mun be off," said Ab, draining his pint and shouldering his wallet. I've a good deal o' bizness t' do to-day, and it's time I set abeaut it."

"I thowt theau looked extra brisk," observed the landlord, scanning his customer from head to foot with a curious gaze. "What's up, like? another chicken hatched, or summat?"

"Nawe: childer are gone eaut o' th' fashin at eaur heause. I'll tell thee sometime else. But I con just gie thee this inklin' neaw:—If I live o'er to-day, I'se be a mon o' property when I'm laid amung th' square faces. Neaw then." And with this mysterious intimation, Ab slid out of the house, and resumed his journey.

Arriving in Manchester, our light-hearted friend made straight for a certain warehouse, that he might relieve his shoulder of its precious burden. Strange!—he was the first weaver, though usually about the last; and varied were the speculations of the warehousemen as to the cause of so remarkable a phenomenon. To deliver his cut, and for the "putter-out" to weigh and examine the same, was but the work of a few minutes; so that before the second weaver made his appearance, Ab had added a new bright sovereign to the family of shining Victorias already congregated in his pocket, and was making such a creaking row on the stairs that the winders opened their door to see what was the matter.

Now to find out Sam Smithies. Ab had no great difficulty in that; for upon turning into a narrow street that he judged would be the nearest way to "owd Raiph's," his eye caught a sign-board projecting from a warehouse door, upon which was written—"S. Smithies, cloth and yarns."

"Hallo!—here it is; an' a dirty-looking cote, too," said Ab to himself, looking up at the grimy windows, an' peering into the dark, unpromising staircase. "If I'd as mich brass as Sam, I'd have a leeter shop than this. But they sayn ut thoose ut liken brass care for nowt else, an' Sam's happen one *on* 'em."

He ascended the outer steps, and passed through the doorway, and was just putting his foot upon the stairs, when he heard a door bang, which sound was immediately succeeded by a voice, singing in a loud key, and with a spasmodic utterance—

"Heads or tails *is* sure to win,
Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!"

*A steam alarm whistle that makes a horrid yell, and disturbs a whole neighbourhood at a certain time in the morning.

(To be continued.)

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MANCHESTER.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Co., Limited.

TO-NIGHT (Friday), at Seven o'clock,
LAST NIGHT but SEVEN of the great Shakesperian Revival, the
LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD III.
Box Office open daily, from Eleven to Two

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Company Limited.
In compliance with numerous solicitations, a
MORNING PERFORMANCE OF
RICHARD III.
Will be given on SATURDAY, 29th October, at Two o'clock, and will be positively the last representation but one of this remarkable production.
NOTICE.—The Day Performance will be in every respect the same as the one in the evening at seven.
Box office open daily from Eleven to Two.

ALEXANDRA HALL,
PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.

Sole Lessees - - - J. & W. S. BOOTH.

THIS (FRIDAY), AND TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), Last Nights of Messrs.
MOE AND GOODRICH,
the Great American Skaters, from the Royal Alhambra Palace, London.

We have read of a skater on the vast rivers of America evading by his speed and skill a pack of pursuing wolves; we have heard of a red Indian who, on the frozen Mississippi, skated 200 miles without once stopping, and dropped dead just as he had finished his terrible feat; but neither of these exploits eclipses in wonder the splendid performance of Messrs. Moe and Goodrich, at the Alexandra Hall, on their roller skates. If we described all that these extraordinary clever skaters do we should run the chance of not being believed, and, independent of that, their performance is one that must be seen to be properly appreciated.—*Free Lance*, October 15, 1870.

MONDAY NEXT, AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS, LAST NIGHTS OF
FRED FRENCH,
The Great London Comique.
JULIA WADE,
the dashing Serio-Comic, &c., &c.
By particular desire, for a few nights only,
The Petite Sketch, entitled,
LE BAL A PARIS,
Which created such a favourable impression a short time ago, will be re-introduced by Mr. FRENCH and troupe.
This Evening, BENEFIT of the Sisters ROSINA and JESSIE. Extra staff of Artistes.

Doors open at 7-30, commence at 8. Saturdays, half an hour earlier.
Admission:—Body of Hall, 1s.; Galleries, 6d.
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STORMING OF QUEBEC
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BELLE VUE MILITARY BAND
EVERY SATURDAY TO NOVEMBER 5, INCLUSIVE.
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ROYAL POMONA PALACE
AND
GARDENS.
BAND
Every Monday, Wednesday & Saturday.
ADMISSION SIXPENCE,
NO EXTRA CHARGE.

FREE TRADE HALL
ASSEMBLY ROOM.
SATURDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY,
October 22, 24, 25, 27, 28, and 29.

LAST SIX NIGHTS
OF
MR. AND MRS. WALTER
SEARLE
Brilliantly successful
ENTERTAINMENT
OF
"Shreds and Patches;"
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28,
FOR THE BENEFIT
OF
MRS. WALTER SEARLE
(Neé Alice Dodd).

Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Second Class, 1s.; Third Class, 6d.
Doors Open at 7-30, Commence at 8 o'clock.

PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,
LOWER MOSLEY STREET.

Return to the Scene of Former Triumphs.
Important Engagement at an enormous Expense!

NOTE.—Last Six nights of this immense company.

Immense reception of
JOLLY NASH,
The world-renowned laughing Comic Vocalist, &c., whose success during his visit to this establishment last season was unlimited. Universally pronounced by the press and public the *par excellence* of Comiques.
Mrs. GEORGE WARE,
England's peerless humourous, and pathetic Ballad and Characteristic Vocalist, has been engaged at a great expense to appear in a series of her original characters.
Great Success of Prof and Madame THOMAS
In their marvellous entertainment, introducing the great Sword Feat of cutting in two at one stroke a whole Sheep, and concluding with the great feat of
WILLIAM TELL,
viz., to shoot with an arrow at a considerable distance an apple off Madame Thomas's head.
Mr. MARNEY and Miss NINIE, Duettists.
The SISTERS BULLIEN,
CHARACTERISTIC DANCERS, &c.
Great Reception of Mr. and Mrs. Langan, & Mr. Millicent, the Negro Delineators & Dancers.
Continued Success of the Dashing Dunbar, the Dashing Comic.
JOLLY NASH EVERY EVENING.

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PARAFFIN
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COMPLETE
HOUSE FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENTS,
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90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD,
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CONSISTING OF COUCH, LADIES' AND GENTS' CHAIRS, AND SIX SMALL CHAIRS, IN REP,
£8 8s. TO 30 GUINEAS.

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IN MAHOGANY, AND COVERED WITH BRITISH MOROCCO, COMPLETE,
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WITH EXTRA LEAF, AND FITTED WITH SCREW,
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CONSIDERABLY REDUCED!
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BEST TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, 2s. 4½d., to 2s. 11d.
BEST KIDDERMINSTERS, 1s. 8d. to 2s. 9d.

Iron Bedsteads, Full Size, 11s. 9d. to £6. Wool Beds, Bolsters, and Pillows, 16s. 6d. to 50s.
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LEAVES FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTE BOOK.

THE LOBSTER.

THERE is scarcely any object in nature from which we may not gain pleasure, profit, or instruction. The world is a vast academy, and contains matter for more books than ever will be written. Each bale of cotton that comes into our warehouses is a volume ; each new triumph of the machinist a treatise on progress. Here is the fish-market. Shall we chose a text from one of the familiar objects about us? The Rev. Dr. Folliet was wont to declare that a lobster was "matter for an October morning," and that eminent divine was no mean judge on such subjects. Let us make, therefore, his favourite breakfast companion the subject of a few minute's gossip ; and in order to get the most out of our crustacean, we will at once proceed to serve him up, historically, morally, socially, and commercially.

Was there anything the old Romans did not know? They knew how to conquer, how to rule, how to write, how to build, how to cook, and on the subject of general good living unquestionably were proficients. Luxuries flowed into the capital from the most remote corners of the earth, and this poor little island of ours—the last of their colonial children—sent its tribute of oysters and lobsters to the Imperial mother. Aristotle gives a faithful and elaborate account of the species—an account, by the way, as correct as can be found in more recent works. It was a subject the great naturalist had evidently at heart ; he digested it thoroughly, and as some compensation, perhaps, for his labour of love, the moderns have Latinized the name he gave, and have called the lobster Astacus.

Jeremy Taylor tells us that travellers seldom attain a high standard of social excellence. Now, our lobster is much given to wandering, and this, perhaps, accounts for the indifferent character he bears. We hear his temper is bad ; that he is a sulky, solitary animal ; that he is frightfully pugnacious, whilst his enemies go so far as to call him—from their point of view—a cannibal. The poor fellow is a great favourite of ours, and in writing his life we will endeavour to clear him from some of these aspersions on his character. It is impossible to deny that he is something of a tramp, but for this he can plead as valid an excuse as you and we when we meditate our annual trip out of town. His health, comfort, and family affairs alike demand change of scene. We shall see more of his requirements in this respect when speaking of our friend's commercial relations.

The lobster is said by Mr. Travis to dislike cold, and in order to get over the inclement season, as best he can, is supposed to doze away much of his time in his rock chair, cushioned softly with sea-weed. We doubt the correctness of this opinion, because in the winter, our hardy northern fishers reap their lobster harvest, the success of which depends entirely on the activity the fish displays in search of food. For several years we paid close attention to our "long-tailed crustacean," in the Hebrides, and elsewhere, and believe him to be a simple, solitary animal, given neither to mischief nor malice. Irritable he unquestionably is, and Pennant represents him as a very nervous subject. "Lobsters," he writes, "fear thunder, and are apt to cast their claws on a loud clap. I am told they will do the same on the discharge of a great gun, and that when men-of-war meet a lobster-boat, a jocular threat is used that if the master does not sell his best they will *salute* him." This voluntary amputation seems so opposed to the general laws of animal life that we may be excused for pursuing the subject a little further. Lobster fishing was once a favourite amusement of ours. At the time we possessed a terrier, one of whose peculiarities was that he could let no living thing alone. The faithful creature always formed part of the crew. After our creels had been examined, the fish were placed on the floor of the boat, and, as a matter of course, crawled about. Taught by experience that a bite was a serious matter, our dog commenced operations with the most mischievous ingenuity. Cautiously approaching the object of attack, he made clever right and left feints ; instantly his opponent put himself in boxing attitude, raising one or both claws menacingly above his head. But Jura's science was admirable, and his respect for his adversary unbounded. He never hazarded a direct blow, but if the foe lost temper and laid himself open, it was all over with him. In an instant a judicious touch of his paw turned his opponent round, and it was instantly seized by the back. It was seldom, however, matters were allowed to go so far, and the earlier rounds after all have more to do with the subject in hand. Whether from rage or intense nervous excitement, we do not attempt to decide, but, when teazed beyond his very limited powers of endurance, we have, more than once, seen a lobster suddenly fling away an arm with the most reckless disregard of his personal property. But all this does not tell against our poor knight-errant of the sea, who merely acted in self-defence.

With his own species, however, we must admit that he is a little given to quarrelling. As the song says,—

> If he meets with a friend
> He for love knocks him down,—

tears off a claw, nips off a horn, or, should he obtain a fair hold, sends, as we have often seen, the serrated edges of his strong hand through the breast-plate and back piece of his foe, as a good knight should. This pugnacious disposition can alone account for the number of the scars we see. There is only one more charge brought against him that we shall notice, but this is the blackest of all. He has been libelled with possessing a taste for human flesh. The absurdity of the calumny is its refutation. Shipwrecked sailors are fortunately scarce. Nineteen wrecks out of every twenty occur on the shore, not in deep water, and as a rule, the bodies are soon washed on the rocks or strand where the accident happens. It must, therefore, be a rare event for a lobster to fall into such temptation, nor do we admit for a moment that our handsome favourite would feel disposed to disgrace himself under any circumstances whatsoever.

Having thus done our best to place the moral character of our ill-used friend in as fair a light as we could, we now turn to more agreeable phases in his daily life. With the spring the lobster comes on our coasts from the deeper sea, or quiet fiords, in which he passed the winter, and takes up his summer quarters round the rocky headlands or submerged reefs that fringe our shores. His home is in the purest water, beneath which he walks through brown and tangled forests of palmy leaves, a warrior in full panoply, ready to do battle with all comers.

The fertility of the female fish is very great ; for each season she lays from 20,000 to 30,000 eggs. The organization by which she is enabled to place these under the protection of her overarching shell is well worth a long and reverent study. The spawn is carried by the mother till nearly fit to commence independent life, and when cast off soon gives birth to the young crustacean, which grows rapidly, passing through many changes before it assumes the form, size, and colour with which ordinary observers are best acquainted. During the earlier period of growth it necessarily casts its shell frequently, but as size increases, and the animal approaches maturity, a new dress is less often required, till at last, when arrived at the fullness of physical dignity, he may be said to become rather slovenly, and wear his clothes till they grow rusty and dusted over with parasitic shells. The method in which the lobster frees himself from his old shell was once a great subject of controversy. As is now well known, the fish only increases in size during the short period of "moulting." But this increase is so great that it is as difficult to believe the cast-off clothes ever fitted the large fleshy mass lying languidly beside them, as that the gigantic geni actually came out of the small jar, the lid of which had been in an evil hour removed by the Arabian fisherman.

Having noticed our friend at his toilet, let us now peep at him whilst taking his dinner. How carefully he selects a soft and succulent blade of "tangle;" how he minces the mass with the serrated knobs on his claws—which, by the way, we have seen less profitably employed. How dexterously and neatly he conveys the salad into his mouth. But we must follow him no farther at his meals, for who can hope to rival the delicate and playful touches with which Kingsley has described the operation in his *Water Babies*.

Having thus served up our fish historically, morally, and socially, we must say something of him commercially. To his captors he is a livelihood; to his retail vendors, a source of revenue. Into the mysteries of the salesmen in our markets and shops, however, we shall not intrude, but confine what we have to say to those who catch him. What the seal is to the Greenlander, the lobster is, in an especial manner, to the fishermen of the north of Ireland, and the coasts and islands on the north and north-east of Scotland. We say in an especial manner, for although numbers are taken round the entire seaboard of Great Britain, the northern parts of the kingdom are the great storehouses of this valuable fish. In the winter, prices are highest, and at this season the lobster is most systematically sought for with a ruinous industry which bids fair to exhaust the mine. In every fiord of the stormy Orkney and Shetland Isles, long rows of corks may be seen dangling on the waves. Hardy Antrim men push their light boats from an iron-bound shore, steer across the dangerous north channel, and pass from island to island through long and howling winter. The bold Scot farms his stormy coast till he has reaped the harvest, and then sets sail for the Hebrides. Hundreds of these men, and thousands of women and children, are thus supported by his Majesty King Lob, who, like some potentates we know, is too often served faithfully to the death.

The Commissioners of the Sea Fisheries of the United Kingdom in their last report regret the absence of statistics, and add, "It is impossible to ascertain, even proximately, the collective or specific value of the fish caught in the waters of Great Britain." They give, however, a return highly interesting to us, which shows the price of various kinds of fish in our Manchester markets during the last ten years. From this document it appears that, whilst rates in all other cases have made no advance, the value of lobsters has increased rather more than twenty per cent.

A year or two since, an old college friend came to visit us at our fishing lodge in the extreme North of Ireland. Lobster fishing was in full activity; the fish were in high season, and our friend showed his appreciation of their excellence by devouring two good-sized ones diurnally for the space of one calendar month, but then he had a surfeit. We must take warning and pause, remembering the time-honoured adage that too much even of a good thing is good for nothing, and in conclusion express a hope that the fish which has now been served up for the entertainment of the reader will agree with him better than did the οἱ πολλοι with our unlucky friend.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO THE ALHAMBRA.

The dancing license has been taken from the London Alhambra. Everybody knows what an institution is the Leicester Square Temple of Ballet. It is in the eyes of many people the most wonderful show in the metropolis. Everybody has heard of its twenty five per cent dividends, and the champagne breakfasts given to its shareholders. Many are the hopeful youths who boast, as of the proudest privilege that life affords, of having been behind its sacred scenes. Many are the people to whom the ballet at the Alhambra is the *summum bonum* of existence—is, in fact, life. It was, indeed, time that measures of repression should be taken. The public exhibition of the female human form divine, in all its original simplicity, if not innocence, of attire, had reached a pitch at the Alhambra which elsewhere in England it has hardly yet attained. One of its most triumphantly successful ballets was one of which the principal attraction indubitably was the microscopic amount of clothing worn by the leading dancer. Some other escapade of this sort has occasioned the withdrawal of that license which has been essentially the source of the champagne and twenty-five per cent. What a fall is here! The leading dancer will be compelled to put on some clothes and go home, and the rest of the young ladies will have to exhibit their legs at some other establishment. Two hundred nudities are thrown out of employment. We sincerely hope that a long drop in the price of shares will make those harpies—vultures—call them what you will—who have all this time been battening upon human corruption, feel smartly in that region of the breeches-pocket where alone they are sensitive. It is curious—very curious—to observe that, whereas a renewal of its dancing license was unanimously refused to the Alhambra, it was unanimously granted to the Holborn Assembly Rooms. Here is a mystery of magistracy. One is taken, and the other is left.

MARRIAGE.

THE auspicious betrothal of the Princess Louise to the eldest son of the Duke of Argyle is a very convenient text for the enunciation of some truths with regard to the practice of marriage in this country and at this day, which, though they have at odd times been asserted by a few odd men who have more courage than the average, ought to be enunciated much more often than they are. The institution of marriage, as practised with such vigour, is continually boasted of as one of the most gratifying of spectacles, and the domestic bliss of England is expatiated upon to satiety. Probably no institution is so deeply rooted in the hearts of men, and certainly none is so deeply rooted in the hearts of women, as this institution of marriage. We have no idea of running a muck at that. The theory of marriage is perfectly honourable, but its practice, so much glorified as one of the most satisfactory signs of the times, is in truth the most deplorable exhibition of human immorality that England in the present day affords.

As we cannot well advert to royal marriages without becoming personal, the only observation as to them which we will make is, that we find ourselves unable to agree with the *Daily Telegraph:* which paper, in an article on the Princess Louise's betrothal, written in its most slobbering style—that style, the source of which, the *Pall Mall* once observed, is "hot, with sugar"—ventures the astounding statement that each one of the alliances contracted by the children of the Queen has been a marriage of affection.

We hardly need advert to marriage amongst the aristocracy. The unblushing nature of the traffic which is carried on in fashionable drawing-rooms is pretty generally thought of as it ought to be, in association with its prototype in the casinos and saloons of lower London. We need only just allude, in passing, to the practice of arranging matches between persons who know nothing of each other—to the marriages of noblemen known to be already married (though, it is true, with the omission of the civil and religious ceremony)—and to the purchase by prosperous provincial brewers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, of titled sons-in-law, consenting to be bought. We pass by the aristocracy thus rapidly, because the humbug of marriage amongst them is universally allowed.

If the degradation of the institution of marriage were confined to royalty and aristocracy, affairs would be bad enough, but not appalling. To us, however, it *is* appalling to see the manner in which wedlock is regarded by the huge mass of the people. It is pretty generally admitted, in the abstract, that marriages ought to be for love; but in practice, marriages for any other cause whatever are regarded as quite honourable—though perhaps not unions of the noblest kind. In thus considering, men are quite as bad as women; but women are quite as bad as men: and if in our remarks we seem to bear more hardly on the former, it is because their virtue and purity are so much vaunted. Of course, the commonest form of unholy marriage is for money, an establishment, position, or some other advantage of that sort. This is the very vilest form of marriage; and yet this is the first in which it presents itself to the minds of women, as a class. When they hear of an engagement, the first thing they do is to guage its eligibility by the standard of money. What does all this sickening talk, that echoes in one's ears eternally, about "good matches," "marrying well," and all the loathsome rest of it, that is for ever on the lips of women, mean—except that women look on marriage simply as a means of "getting on" in life—as they term falling to its lowest depth? What name is there but one for self-sale? Is its savour sweet? Because not all the parsons in the world, nor all the wedding-rings can take the savour out of it.

But that is only one of criminal alliances. Hundreds of women close with the first offer that is made to them, for fear that they may never have another. Others marry out of gratitude. Some more because they do not wish to blast a happiness that rests upon their words. A girl meets an admirer at a dance, a concert, and a promenade, and in a week they are engaged, and they get married. Multitudinous are the forms of unhallowed wedlock. But, perhaps, the most pitiable, though least wicked of them all, is an unwelcome or indifferent marriage contracted by a girl to please, or to obey, or to assist her parents.

Now, the humbug of marriage is this: that not only are all these wicked forms of sin in constant practice in the world, but that same world regards them all as marriage—honourable marriage. If the church

service is performed over them, all is right. A woman sells herself. If she will only take the precaution of doing so in a church, the world is satisfied—she is a virtuous woman. A girl sacrifices herself out of vanity, folly, fear of being "an old maid," or mistaken—dolefully mistaken—duty. Does she wear a wedding-ring? Then she is one of England's pure and modest women. It must be admitted by every one who devotes to the question an impartial consideration that, in the estimation of people generally, the "honourable estate" of marriage is constituted by a piece of mummery before a minister. The wedding-ring is the shibboleth of the virtuous British female. She considers that it, out of some inherent virtue of its own, sanctifies conduct upon her part, which without it would be justly stigmatised by the most opprobrious of names. It is this pernicious doctrine which wants exploding. Our point is, that all these unions are not marriage at all. They are states of sin.

It is not a religious ceremony which makes the difference between virtue and vice. Vice cannot be turned into virtue by the putting of a bit of gold upon a finger. The marriage service is a mere municipal institution, requisite for the preservation of social order. It possesses no consecrating virtue of its own. Love is the only hallowing influence; and the girl who weds a man for anything but love, be it out of fancied filial duty, or any other best of mistaken motives, is no more entitled to be thought a virtuous woman than the most degraded heroine of the photograph shop-window. Looked at from this, the only proper point of view, what a huge sham is the reputed purity of Englishwomen! It is true that in the large majority of marriages for money, title, position, convenience, mistaken duty, and the thousand other miserable substitutes for love, the thought that they are sinning never crosses the minds of the guilty parties; but if they were as pure, or half as pure, as it is the pestilent fashion to make them out, the thought *would* cross their minds. Oh, blatant *Daily Telegraph*—but faithful representative of national opinion—not a day goes by but hundreds of these mockeries of marriage are perpetrated by your miracles of chastity. We are not going to maintain that these mock marriages result, even as a rule, in any more unhappiness than foolish marriages of love. We think most marriages, of all sorts, settle down into the ordinary dead level of a moderate comfortableness. We will even admit that in some cases these mock marriages turn out more happily than would have done the real marriage which made shipwreck on the rock of parental mercenariness, or on some other cruel crag of circumstance. But what we do contend is that things should be called by their right names, and that the honourable institution of marriage should not be confounded with the ghastly mockery of it. Our readers may choose for themselves their opinion as to the practical working of the present state of things. They may think that it is good if they like; but if they do, let them not credit the institution of marriage with that goodness. To do so is not fair to the institution of concubinage. Let us not blink the truth. If marriages of convenience are better than marriages of love—as parents and guardians are universally of opinion—let us admit at once that marriage is a mistake, and let us not conceal from ourselves the fact that we prefer its substitute with the unpleasant name.

The fact that the condition in which one half of this country lives is not the state of marriage, is perhaps the most ignored truth in the sphere of modern social life. We go on slobbering about our hearths and homes, our matrimonial bliss, the domesticity of our men, and the purity of our women, until our mental faculties become quite obfuscated to the true state of the case. We question if there are a thousand girls, all England over, who perceive that a mere wedding-ring makes no distinction, really, between them and those who wear none. If the clergy were useful members of the community, they would instruct the people in such ignorance as this, and strike a vigorous blow at this national sin. But we do not look to the clergy for assistance, and we should never have dreamt of looking to royalty. But royalty has, in the most extraordinary and unexpected manner, come to the rescue. Want of information on the point prevents us from declaring with the confidence of the *Daily Telegraph*, that the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne will be a pure marriage of affection; but it is, at any rate, a departure from the iniquitous old system of making royalty wed royalty, and is at least a step towards the mitigation of the humbug of marriage throughout the length and breadth of the land. We may appear to be unduly enthusiastic on the subject, but to our mind it is the most important social event that has happened in this country for a considerable period: important, because it does not affect merely the material welfare of the nation—as most events that are regarded as important do—but that moral tone which is the sap of a community. If we are not mistaken, there are very few things which redound more than does this to the honour of the reign of Queen Victoria.

ALL NIGHT ON GREAT GABLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—I have read your numerous papers on subjects connected with the English Lake District with interest and satisfaction, particularly those of your lady contributor, which have appeared recently; and have long been of opinion that your staff numbers in its ranks writers of much precise information anent "the land of mist and mountain." Your articles have, however, been almost invariably descriptive of delightful scenes and happy incidents, and their perusal, has no doubt called to the mind of every tourist reader some circumstance or scene on which he is never tired of ruminating. But my recollections of Lakeland are strengthened by an event more unpleasant than common—even a night's 'repose" on the inhospitable side of Great Gable, an account of which memorable adventure I shall be happy, with your permission, to give in the plainest and briefest manner.

After spending some days in the neighbourhood of the more important lakes, Windermere, Ullswater, and Derwentwater, and having "climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," I arrived one fine September afternoon at Buttermere, where I experienced a long delay in obtaining a boat to carry me over the gloomy waters of Crummock Lake to the waterfall known as Scale Force. By dint of great exertion, and aided by my trusty alpenstock, I climbed the left bank of the cataract, and shortly afterwards descended into the vale of Gillerthwaite, in the vicinity of Lake Ennerdale, my intention being to reach Wastdale Head by that route before nightfall. I had not, however, proceeded far along the bank of the little river Liza before it became quite dark, and I consequently very soon lost the path, which at the best of times is but an irregular sheep-track. I, therefore, began the ascent of the mountain by which my progress was now interrupted, imagining that from its summit I should be able to discover some vestige of human habitation. But hunger and fatigue were strongly asserting their authority, and I sank down several times completely exhausted. It was not until matters reached this stage, and I had hallooed myself hoarse that I abandoned all hope of extricating myself from the dilemma, and became resigned to the disagreeable necessity of passing the night in that fearfully lonely place, where not a sound could be heard save the solitary bleating of a sheep, and nought could be seen but a sea of mountains, some few higher, and others of a lower elevation than the one I had climbed. Taking from my knapsack several extra articles of clothing, and putting on in addition thereto a thick woollen comforter and overcoat, I lay down to sleep, having first enveloped my head in a copy of that day's *Manchester Courier* as a precaution against draughts, with which, I think, it will not be doubted, my rocky bed abounded. The night was mild, and I slept with little disturbance till daylight, when I gathered from my map that I was on Great Gable, nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and after walking awhile along the side of the mountain I discovered the pass of Sty Head, which led me to Wastdale Head, my intended haven the preceding day. I was received with great kindness at Mrs. Tyson's farm, and that good lady, with motherly anxiety, soon provided me with a substantial breakfast of smoking coffee and chops, the fate of which I deem it entirely unnecessary to record.

It will, perhaps, be imagined that I, at all events, have had sufficient of the English Lake District. But no,—

> Still o'er those scenes my memory wakes,
> And fondly broods with miser care;
> Time but th' impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear.

Yours faithfully,

JOSHUA GAWTHWAITE.

Manchester, Oct. 18, 1870.

[More stories are told of travellers lost about the Ennerdale paths and passes than in any other part of the country, and our correspondent adds one more to the list of perilous adventures. He evidently passed the track up to the Black Sail Pass, by which he ought rightly and would more easily have reached Wastdale Head, but his experience has only been that of scores of others, some of whom narrowly escaped with life. Tourists in Lakeland should never forget that the walk over Black Sail Pass to Wastwater, though one of the finest in the country, is one of the wildest and most dangerous. Even on a still bright day in summer the scenery of the upper part of Ennerdale is appalling in its desolation: what it must be in storm or by night we do not know, and hope we never shall.—EDITOR.]

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MR HALLÉ'S FIRST CONCERT.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S series of winter concerts in the Free Trade Hall will commence next week. His first programme is sufficiently varied, ranging from Rossini to Wagner and Schumann. The principal piece is Beethoven's Symphony in C, the first of the nine. If we remember rightly it has not been played very lately at these concerts. Written in conformity with the rules laid down by Haydn and Mozart, it is severe in form, and does not show those original qualities of construction that exist in his later symphonies, sonatas, and quartettes; but there is originality enough and beauty also in the melody and phrasing, in the minuette and finale for instance, and there is that unity in the whole work that none but Beethoven ever achieved. It would go far towards instructing the public in Beethoven's music if Mr. Hallé could give all the nine symphonies consecutively in the order in which they were written. Of the other orchestral pieces, the next in interest is the overture by Mendelssohn, new to these concerts. The march from *Tannhäuser* and the overture to *Oberon* are well-known by this time, but always welcome, as is also Berlioz's quaint and picturesque "Ballet des Sylphes." With regard to Mr. Hallé's solos, the most perfect performances during the evening, we can merely say that the re-hearing of Schumann's concerto is most desirable, and that we shall be glad to hear a new Impromptu by Franz Schubert, a great composer, whose works Mr. Hallé, more than any other living pianist, has helped to introduce into this country. The programme reads as if the concert would be a long one, and that is the only fault we can find with it.

THE BROUGHTON PAPER WORKS.

We have nothing to add to or subtract from our remarks on these works; but, in common respect for truth, we cannot let the thumping statements of our last week's correspondent, "Carte Blanche," pass by unrebuked. This gentleman is evidently of Fag's opinion, that it is no good forging a bill on public credulity without forging the endorsements too. Whether the Strangeways sewer is scientifically or unscientifically laid is, perhaps, a matter of opinion: but when our reckless correspondent flatly says, "The foul matter does not come from the Paper Works," he must kindly permit us to observe, "Oh, Anna Maria!" He asserts, it comes from closets and from sinks. A beastly green and steaming fluid that burns the workmens' legs and nearly suffocates them, and sometimes congeals into a concrete crust, is not the sort of stuff that comes from closets or from sinks. No; if the paper works have an excuse, it is necessity. Their offence may be condoned, but it must not be denied. To make unwarrantable statements is injudicious as well as dishonest. It is possible that our correspondent may be deceived himself, and not intend to deceive us; but certainly, we shall not come to him for those "real facts," of which he seems to think us ignorant.

THE PALL MALL ON THE BISHOP.

The bishop's recent likening of Paris to Sodom and Gomorrah has called down upon him the strictures of some of the London papers. The *Pall Mall* has one of its wittiest paragraphs on the subject: observing that, whereas the delinquent peoples of the ancient cities were consumed, in this case they have fled, and their delinquencies will only be visited upon the buildings that they have inhabited—which is making the landlords responsible for the sins of the tenants. This is all very well in its way, and nothing is more deserving of satire than the common absurdity of over-pious folks in seeing "judgments" in every ordinary mishap that occurs: but in this case, the bishop surely is right. The inability of the French people to cope with their invaders is distinctly traceable, in great part, to the enervation and corruption of the capital; and inasmuch as their misfortune is so attributable to their misconduct, it may well be called a judgment on it. The retribution which is naturally consequent upon ill deeds is really judgment: it is outside unconnected accidents which it is so foolish to call by that solemn name. As to the evil-doers having fled, they haven't. It is the mass of the citizens who are the evil-doers, and not merely those who make evil-doing a profession. Moreover, if they had all fled, that does not touch the bishop's words; for nothing is more common, or more awful, in the world, than for the sins of the guilty to be visited upon the innocent. The fact is, that the *Pall Mall* has been unable to resist the opportunity of being unjustly smart. But whereas it has spoken an epigram, the bishop has spoken the truth.

SIR JOSEPH HERON AND THE IRWELL.

The following extract from Sir Joseph Heron's evidence before the River Pollution Commissioners will be interesting just now as showing what the master-mind of our City Council thinks on the subject of River Pollution. "Although it may be thought extraordinary to venture to utter such a sentiment, I am of opinion that the best course would be, so far as this watershed is concerned, to make up our minds that what has been must be, and that the streams must continue to be common sewers, making, at the same time, such provision as would be comparatively small in cost to prevent them from being in any way a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The expense would be enormous to carry out any arrangement that would otherwise get rid of the sewage, and the question really is, whether the lesser evil of the two will not be to continue the system which now exists." By their apathy and their silence the City Council have approved Sir Joseph's sentiments. It is self-evident, therefore, that under the existing regime the Irwell will remain in its present increasingly filthy pestilence-breathing condition. Sir Joseph Heron has since repeated the substance of the above in his evidence before the Royal Sanitary Commission now sitting.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE.

The unexpected announcement of the intended marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne has apparently given great satisfaction to all classes of the Queen's subjects. There is a strong spice of domestic sentiment in the character of John Bull, and the announcement of a love match, accompanied by romantic circumstances, is always grateful to him. No act of Napoleon III's. career was so popular with the inhabitants of the British Isles as his marriage with Eugenie, who had been educated in England, and was herself partially of Scottish extraction. As might have been expected the "land o' cakes and brither Scots," are enthusiastic in their pleasure at the compliment which has been paid to their nation, and when the happy event comes off we may expect to hear of such demonstrations of delight in Deeside and Argyllshire as Scotchmen alone can show when they are excited. The Princess Louise has, we believe, never visited Manchester, as some of her sisters and brothers have done. Those, however, who have the privilege of knowing Her Royal Highness, affirm that she is possessed of a most sweet disposition, is highly accomplished, and possesses much of the talent of the late Prince Consort and her eldest sister, the Crown Princess of Prussia, who is a power in Europe at the present day, and is said to have great influence over her husband, the Crown Prince. Lord Lorne has the credit given to him of having also good abilities, and so he ought to have, for his father, the Duke of Argyll, is unquestionably an able man, possessed of great industry and of considerable scientific acquirements, while the Duchess is well-known to be one of the cleverest women in England, an excellent mathematician and classical scholar. When the Art Treasures Exhibition was open, and many Manchester ladies were promenading up and down the building in gorgeous raiment, the Duchess of Argyll might have been seen, on more than one occasion, "doing the pictures" without ostentation and one of the most plainly dressed women in the place. "The Red Duke" has been here on more than one occasion.

He visited the Exhibition, and ten years since presided at a meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Institutional Association. Some time since the Queen sanctioned the publication of the history of her own betrothal and marriage with Prince Albert, and the mode by which Her Majesty intimated to the Prince that he had found favour in her sight was explained. It would be interesting to know how the partiality of the Princess and Lord Lorne was first evinced, whether according to Royal etiquette the hint first came from the Princess, or whether the Marquis first took the initiative, and intimated that "Barkis was willin." Public rumour at different times found princely suitors for the Princess Louise, but she appeared to be in no hurry to marry, and although only twenty-three is older than any of the other princesses were at the time of their marriage. As the bride and bridegroom elect have known each other from their infancy, perhaps the reason for the Princess's delay was because she had what Sam Weller called, "a priory attachment."

THINGS THEATRICAL.

In the absence of dramatic news at home, let us look abroad a little. It is a matter for general congratulation that the dramatic monopoly has completely broken down. The enormous multiplication of theatres, so much bewailed by Mr. Buckstone and other old monopolists, have had their creation justified, if only by this wonderful reform which they have brought about. It became absolutely necessary to employ fresh hands, and the triumphant success of the first recruit—Mr. J. Albery—gave the old monopoly its death-blow. The play bills of the metropolis are now covered with names which six months ago they knew not. Mr. Albery, Mr. Joseph Dilley, Mr. Conway Edwards, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, Mr. Martin Becher, Mr. C. M. Rae, Mr. Arthur Sketchley, Mr. H. B. Farnie, Mr. Charles Millward, Mr. Arthur Wood, Mr. J. P. Wooller, Mr. F. Waller, and others, are all, practically, new additions to the list of English dramatic authors within the last few months. Every day the door opens wider, and before long the drama will be a free and open borough. We are very much mistaken if the next few years do not see a vast improvement in the literature of the English stage. True, none of the above-named gentlemen, except Messrs. Albery and Sketchley, and perhaps Dilley, have as yet done anything worth praising, but wait a while. It is remarkable that the only three gentlemen who have been permitted to perform a piece of any dignity are precisely the three who have done well. Still, the quality of contemporary dramatic work as a whole is dreadfully poor. Another English theatre with a French name—ludicrous anomaly—is shortly to be opened in the Strand, "The Opera Comique." It is strange that amidst this mania for French names, the one most applicable to the rubbishy burlesques performed at all these hybrid houses, is the one not taken, "The Dramatic Follies."

"SHREDS AND PATCHES."

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Searle have been giving their amusing entertainment, appropriately named "Shreds and Patches," during the present week. It is also officially and alliteratively described as "Peculiar People Pleasantly Pourtrayed, or a Vocal, Anecdotal, Colloquial, Characteristic, Comical, Mimical, and Musical Melange." These titles convey a pretty accurate idea of the nature of the entertainment, which consists of a sort of extravaganza, or medley of different characters in appropriate costumes, and involves rapid transformations. Like the popular entertainments of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, Mr. Woodin, and others, these Shreds and Patches are interspersed with songs and dances. Mrs. Searle, whose pleasant face and plump person will be remembered as being popular a few years since at the Prince's Theatre, when she bore the name of Miss Alice Dodd, is a clever young actress and pleasing vocalist. In a short sketch entitled Masquerading, which consists of the nagging of two "snapping turtles," entitled Mr. and Mrs. Tiff, the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Searle, the tricks which they play upon each other, and their reconciliation were very amusing. The Hon. Mrs. O'Blarney of Mrs. Searle, with the song of "Kitty Mulldoon," was particularly good. Mr. Searle's Miss Arabella Sighaway was somewhat too much of a caricature. On Monday evening, when we visited the Assembly Room of the Free Trade Hall, Mr. Searle was evidently suffering from a very bad cold, which materially interfered with his singing. He was most successful in his impersonation of Billy Buntline 'every inch a tar," and in the sudden transformation to Simon Slowcoach, a kind of clodhopping semi-idiot, in which character he sings and dances well after the not very elegant music-hall fashion. Mrs. Searle's Sally Scrubbs is also a clever sketch. The performance is interlarded with "wise saws and modern instances," and numerous puns and jokes, new and old. The entertainment is given in the Assembly Room of the Free Trade Hall, which has been lately redecorated, and looks clean and fresh. The performance lasts about two hours and has attracted good audiences.

THE ATHENÆUM.

THE Athenæum, unlike the prodigal son, is growing fat and comfortable among the troughs. After spending a substance which it had not got, in reckless soirées and costly dalliance with poets, professors, Young England novelists and Old England historians, it fell into gloom and evil days, and its fall was great. Forsaken coldly of its summer friends, it took to the husks it had once scorned, found in coffee, cookery, and cigars, in billiards, gymnastics, and newspapers, a new birth and a new life, and unambitiously prospered into a popular club, the club of the Busy, the club of the Economical, the club of the Warehousemen and Clerks.

The Athenæum, in its heavy square simplicity of architecture, has about it a quiet ostentation that suggests smooth-voiced lecturers in evening dress, maps of Europe, collections of fossils, and young ladies in azure-tinted spectacles. Round its front runs an obscure legend about useful knowledge and diffusion. But fronts are ever false, legends—like the mottos, "faith, honour, virtue" of bankrupt peers—always lying. A class or two in foreign languages, and a debating society are all that can be brought forward as champions of the legend's truth. And quite enough too. A genial club like the Athenæum cannot afford the suspicion of priggishness and pedantry.

It owes its architecture and its intentions to kid-gloved gentility with a mission. Its name was taken, like its legend, from the Mythology, not from the Pall Mall. Moral young men were to be veneered into conceited prigs in it, to sip tea and catch honey from meretriciously smiling literary lips. But young men will not be moral, and rebel against the frigidity of veneer. The Athenæum fell off to a skeleton, and got into gentility's cupboard. Gentility struggled for appearances, but disaster, debt, seediness came. It was reduced to taking in lodgers, and for years harboured the Bankruptcy Courts. At last some worthy sons, with a great deal of shrewd, unostentacious common-sense about them, and none of the mean pride of gentility, took the seediness of their house to heart. They discarded the farce of Mutual Improvement by means of biscuits and intellect and tea, made an honest commercial venture on principles of politic economy, and have succeeded in transforming a sham and a wreck into a thriving reality. Accumulated surpluses enabled them to reconstruct the departments more peculiarly proper to a club, to get rid of the lodger incubus, and carry out a popular policy.

The Athenæum is emphatically an open club, but, although entirely unexclusive, its directors have an able knack of purification. That a place bristling all over with advantages, without a ballot-box, and with the subscription small, should win for itself a high character, and be free from all but the well-meaning vulgar, means a forcible public opinion. The secret of this lies in the directorial policy of excluding the taproom and hotel element, while nursing and expanding that of the club as far as they can. The periodic conspiracies for the introduction of beer, if they were successful, would kill this healthy tone. Given the inch of beer, and the ell of a bar-parlour would be the result.

Of course, there are still be found flitting about the place aimless, wailing ghosts, who querulously lament the change. They

buttonhole victims, and bore them with threnodies over the primal gentility. They compare the Athenæum of now with that of then — the Concert Hall of now to the Concert Hall fallen to a singing supper room. But it will be more interesting to glance round the club, and the changes which the new dispensation point to with pardonable pride.

The successive additions to the old nucleus have made the internal architecture quite a Gothic puzzle. It seems to have evolved all sorts of rooms out of its own inner consciousness to meet successive demands. There are vague corridors, dark, suspicious back stairs, passages that lead to nothing, rooms that lead out all over the building. Wherever you look there is a door, and everywhere you may pass through successions of rooms, and yet come back a different way to that by which you went.

The News-room is the first room in which you find yourself. It is spacious and imposing, while the vastness is broken by two rows of pillars, and touches of colour on the walls in the frames and faces of past Grands who have deserved well of the institution redeem the walls from desolation. Between the pillars, like two altars of comfort and ornament, stand two fire-places, backed by tall boards for telegrams and notices. Right opposite, an ambitious doorway leads into a narrow dark room. On one side of this doorway is the porter's sanctum, on the other a lavatory. The place has a genius for lavatories. For doors it seems to have a mania. In the left-hand corner a door leads into a small epistolary room, near it another leads up to rooms innumerable, and down—the giggling of girls, and shrill merry feminine gossip, tells you into what mysteries. On each side of the vestibule are offices, presenting a square block corresponding to that opposite. The room is a triptych, the right and left compartments being devoted to tables and stands, where titles of newspapers coyly hide all charms but their titles as they lie in neatly arranged rows, or invite to their bosom with open arms. All around are hung telegraphic reports from all the cotton, iron, share, or corn markets; all the latest rose-tinted tissues, that tell the fate of empires or the fall of kings, as tersely as the arrival of a ship, or of the last royal unit. A filter here, a barometer there, files of journals yonder, a smell of gas in that corner, a mob of newspapers, with each a pair of human legs under them grasping an umbrella, window-seats full, chairs gone mad; a group of joking directors in the centre, opposite the door; the inveterate maniac, who with his nose reads every report of every market, stooping to study the barometer; the genial old eccentric in the corner, with his back to the world, and with his usual cashion of *Saturday Reviews*, *Spectators*, *Pall Malls*, and any papers you particularly wish to read—there you have the News-room.

This is beyond doubt the citadel of the Athenæum. It meets the necessities of business men as no other in the city does. Every paper, from China to Peru — Greek, Turkish, home, foreign, colonial — may be read. The service of telegrams is energetically organised, and has made the Athenæum the great confluence of all seekers for news ever since the War began. The magnificent war map and its pendant magnifier tell of the study to please that exists somewhere, a study that can stoop to the minute. In no public room can you drink the soul out of a newspaper with more comfort than here. Yet as the purest Republicanism reigns in it, the rule "each for himself and heaven help the hindermost" prevails in the matter of chairs and popular newspapers. But succeed in capturing one by a master-stroke of strategy, and you may enjoy the most delightful solitude—that which exists in a crowd—as long as you can or care to.

Up the first flight of stairs and you are at the windowed counter of the Library, which is now as jealously guarded as the tree of knowledge, but guarded by an angel! Up and down it runs agile monkeys who dole out its fruit on presentation of what looks very like a soup-ticket. Supplemented by Mudie, it contains many good books, all very readable—except the popular novels. To the right, board-rooms, recesses, and delightful alcoves. To the left, an inevitable door. Open it, and you step into silence and intellectual repose. A spacious airy room with a literary look about it. All the magazines and all the weeklies lie about on the tables, and lexicons from a book-case overawe you; while muffled steps, sedentary attitudes, the thrilling rustle of turned-over leaves, the frowns of absorbed readers warn you away. This haunt of still life is the most charming room in the building.

Still up, into an extravagance of dismal corridor. A narrow portal passed, you are in a gymnasium, fitted up with a lavishness of elegant apparatus, and a clever sergeant. All through the winter, two evenings a week, you will find an eager menagerie of young men, in jerseys and flannels, fencing, boxing, leaping, swinging, summersaulting, working huge or small clubs and dumb-bells. It is a very Proteus of rooms. Another night, the platform is occupied by a real stage, with wings and flies. Another, a lecture allures you to slumber. Another, glees, songs, and music delight you. Another still, and fifty couples are decorously waltzing round it. All through the winter assaults-at-arms, concerts, balls, plays, draw a crowd of pleased or interested audiences. Rows of gay bonnets and smiling faces give the room a merry aspect. You would hardly fancy it, for it is a low-roofed, sullen, twilight room; just the sort of room by a malicious combustion to play the part of Sampson when least expected. It is to be hoped the Athenæum has a handy bucket apparatus, for if ever fire or an alarm of fire broke out, the doors would be blocked at once, and there are no windows, while the staircase suggests horrors.

From attic to basement. And first of all you are in the Dining-room. There is least of the comfort of a club here. It is a pleasant room, but somehow there is often a hitch in the arrangements. The tariff, if circumscribed, is bountiful and economical. But whether it is an aim at homeliness, or the difficulties of management, or whether diners are the chartered libertines of grumbling, there is always grumbling to be heard. Numbers dine here; they sneer, they vituperate, they hint darkly about the next elections, but they dine on. Yon is the directors' corner, near the fire. For two hours daily the laughter is merry and the jest is loud there. Pass the bar, and you find yourself in a cloud of dense smoke. Dimly through it may be descried red cigar tips, and a closely-packed crowd, all eagerly playing chess at the tops of their voices. A din of chattering, a rattle of coffee-cups, the laugh of victory, the lively criticism of spectators, drive you half-suffocated into a long, low room, fitted round with lounges, which are all, as is every available spot, crowded with smokers, for it is just on two o'clock. Three large tables, well covered up, proclaim it to be the billiard-room, where at night, from five to half-past ten, play is constantly going on. During the rest of the day it is interdicted. The return journey can be made through the lavatory. The mosaic floor and polished white marble slabs give it a look of great elegance. You may wash yourself comfortably, but whether you can dry yourself depends on the time of day.

Such is the Athenæum. To investigate its life you must go deeper. Out of it have sprung societies the most successful in the town: debating, gymnastic, dramatic, and musical, and, latest of all, a brass band. These attract many members in return for the substantial advantages they receive. In summer there were once, may again be, pic-nics; in winter assemblies and balls; always geniality and quiet successful management.

As time goes on, and funds accumulate, many improvements are sure to add to the comfort of the Athenæum. Even the tooth-brushes and table-napkins which are agitated for may one day be provided; but if it is to maintain its high character, never the champagne.

IN LODGINGS.

BY A BACHELOR.

WHERE do you hang out now? is the question always asked by any acquaintance of mine after inviting him to a cup of tea and a chop, for he knows I am a bachelor and much given to change my quarters. In fact, I am a migratory bachelor,—one, like the birds of passage, flying hither, and thither, just as the season calls. The summer finds me wandering at my leisure o'er hill and dale,

The fields my study, nature my book.

I hie me away to the fresh, clear air with the advent of the cuckoo, with winter's return journey back to these milder latitudes, seeking in that dull season the amusements which a large city like ours affords.

I have, therefore, some experience of the different suburbs of this city, for I am not unaquainted with the Geeek settlement of Higher Broughton, nor with the Jewish colony of Cheetham Hill. Greenheys, too, with its Teutonic element, has not been neglected, for considering its easy access in the late evening, and the admirable approach to town viâ Oxford Street, this suburb has always been a favourite of mine. At present it wears a very woe-begone aspect. With the outbreak of hostilities on the Continent, Germany summoned her sons to protect their homes; they left their adopted country, and many are now sleeping their last long sleep, having, as soldiers fallen, deserved a soldier's grave. Many lodgings are therefore wanting occupants, and many houses which were solely inhabited by Germans are now empty and deserted.

Years ago, when I revolted from my home, Greenheys was accepted as my new colony. Well do I remember the satisfaction with which I took possession of my rooms, a little back parlour and corresponding sleeping-room. These, said I, are mine. I felt more elated than Goldsmith's peasant, who set himself down "the monarch of a shed." It is here, methought, that I shall live in peace and study my favourite books. For then I was in the heyday of youth, believed in the world and the inhabitants thereof. Winter, biting and keen, was in the middle of his career when I took possession. My cosy, cheerful, frolicsome fire and myself were constant companions. How many castles—those structures built by youth's architect, Ambition—have been raised before thee, and how many have become material! Some weeks rolled away: my fire gradually got of smaller dimensions: my gaslights sensibly diminished. Of course I complained, and of course they improved somewhat for an evening or two, but by some wonderful mode that Mrs. Schemer had of regulating these costly auxiliaries to comfort, both the fire and the gas fell back to the standard she had introduced. Now began my experience of the world. The kind, motherly heart of Mrs S., that quite got over me when first I entered her house, became as hard as adamant, because i' faith, her coals were lessening and her gas bill was heavier! My simple heart became sceptical, and henceforward I regarded lodgings—pretty much as I regard tradesmen—generally ready to take every advantage. This was in point of fact the key to my future knowledge of human nature. At the moment I made the discovery that my landlady's heart was more or less softened towards me by my economy or otherwise in the consumption of her coals, the simplicity and sentimentality of my youthful character began to disappear. After telling her it grieved me (it always grieves me) to give her notice, I threw my worldly goods together, intending to quit "New Germany" for ever.

Many and varied were the apartments I got into after leaving my first haven of bliss, in none of which could I rest content. I scarcely know whether it was my usual ill luck or not, but by some mischance I always found myself living with widows. Widows, young or old, with weeds and without weeds; widows sedate or lively, with daughters and without daughters; so that the word widow has become a basilisk to me. The elder Weller's injunction has, by a sort of sympathy, been written indelibly on my memory, and such is my horror of the word, as well as what it implies, that when I now advertise for rooms the last four of my twenty words are, "No widows need apply." Widows, the owners of lodgings, I mean, I have somewhat studied. If old, of sour temperament, much given to humming Psalm tunes, and talking yours and everybody else's business to their next door neighbour; if young, of bland manners, over anxious about your slippers being warmed for you, and desirous, as she expresses it, "of making you quite at home and comfortable." There was one buxom widow with whom I once lived, of a kindly disposition, considerate about my wants, and who had no cat in the house. I could have continued to inhabit her rooms but for her taste in the direction of pictures, which, contrary to her apparent cheerfulness, was altogether for memory-cards of the dear departed. Of these their name was legion, and my rooms were no exception to the rest. My remonstrances were in vain; she could not think of disturbing the pictures, "they reminded her so much of her two dear husbands, both departed." Wags of my acquaintance persisted in saying I had become a *grave* man; I thought it time to quit, else my memory card might shortly be added to the collection.

As compared with my town experience, my country lodgings were, *par excellence*, the best. There is a solidity about your red-faced farmer that wins a pent-up townsman's favour. Goldsmith has described the peasantry "as their country's pride," and surely when one comes to consider them, we find more native honesty, more real worth than their social equals in towns. The grip of their hand is that of simplicity and large-heartedness; the big round face, with its broad grin of welcome and the genuine homely way—sans ceremony—with which you are invited to fall to at the table, contrast rather unfavourably—for the towns—with the constrained customs of etiquette which make us half the hypocrite. Lodgings, although frequently obtainable at a well-to-do farmer's house are not let for purposes of gain, but more for the sake of company. Your townsman they look upon as "learned," and sit wrapt in wonderment while he unfolds his tales of theatres and general town life. There is no commercial aspect about such lodgings; you are invited to do everything that the family may be doing, and if home—home of your youth can be realized, it is to be realized by the kindness and geniality of such people.

But notwithstanding all the comfort it is possible to have in lodgings, it is "when sickness' pale hand is upon one" that we miss the kind and only true sympathy—that of home—and when confined to one's room, the fond, hopeful faces of those nearest and dearest to you are not around your bed. However well you may be housed, however kind your landlady may be, there is a lurking feeling that her conduct is interested, and you cannot get the haunting idea out of your head that you are at best in lodgings.

MANCHESTER MAYORS.

AT the present time, when much of the attention of the town is bestowed upon the municipal elections, a list of the Mayors of Manchester, since it became a corporate borough, may not prove uninteresting to our readers. The charter was received on November 1st, 1838. The first meeting of the Council was held in December, when Mr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas Potter, of the firm of Potters and Norris, was elected first Mayor of Manchester. He acted as Chief Magistrate for two years, in the course of which he received the honour of Knighthood on presenting an address to Her Majesty congratulating her upon her escape from being shot by a fanatical madman named Oxford. Mr. Joseph Heron was appointed Town Clerk at the first meeting of the Council, and has retained the office to the present time. He also has been knighted during his official career. Sir Thomas Potter was succeeded in the mayoralty by the late Alderman Neild, senior partner in the firm of Thomas Hoyle & Sons, on November 9th, 1840. He also held office for two years, and was succeeded in November, 1842, by the late Mr. James Kershaw, of the well-known firm, Leese, Kershaw & Co. Mr. Kershaw was followed in the mayoralty by Mr. Alexander Kay, who was elected City Magistrate for 1843-4, and a second time for 1844-5. Mr. Alderman W. B. Watkins followed for the years 1845-6. During his year of office, Ibrahim Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, and son of Mehemet Ali, visited Manchester, and in the same year the public parks were opened. Sir Elkanah Armitage succeeded Alderman Watkins in 1846-7 and 1847-8. During 1848 the first Bishop of Manchester was appointed. A revolution took place upon the continent. The Chartists held numerous meetings throughout England. The magistrates of Manchester took strong measures to avert any disturbances, and about twelve thousand special constables were sworn in. Sir Elkanah Armitage went up to London, and was knighted by the Queen for the energy which he had displayed during the threatened disturbances. He was succeeded by Sir John Potter (eldest son of Sir Thomas Potter) who was chosen mayor three years in succession, for 1848-49, 1849-50, and 1850-51.

Sir John Potter was the youngest and one of the most popular mayors which Manchester has ever had. During his mayoralty, the Free Library, in Camp Field, was established, and the Queen paid her first visit to Manchester in October, 1851, on which occasion Sir John Potter was knighted. In 1857, he was elected one of the members of Parliament for Manchester, in conjunction with Mr. J. A. Turner, but died in 1858, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was followed in the mayoralty by Mr. Robert Barnes, who has since become so famous for the munificence of his charities to the town. After serving two years, Mr. Barnes was succeeded by Alderman Nicholls, who, in his turn, was followed by Sir James Watts, who was mayor at the opening of the Art Treasures Exhibition at Old Trafford, and was knighted the same year. Sir James Watts was succeeded by Mr. Ivie Mackie, who was elected mayor for the years 1857-8, 1858-9, and 1859-60. Mr. Alderman Curtis followed Mr. Ivie Mackie, and he in his turn was succeeded by Mr. Alderman Goadsby, who was followed by Alderman Abel Heywood and Alderman Bennett. In 1865 Mr. Alderman Bowker was elected Mayor, and was succeeded in 1866 7, and 1867-8, by Alderman Neill. In 1868, Mr. Alderman Grave was elected chief magistrate, and we understand that a requisition has been signed by nearly the whole of the Council, requesting him to accept the office for the third time.

MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY.

MR. MONTGOMERY, a fair actor as times go, and formerly a popular favourite in Manchester, is singularly unfortunate in his advertisements. A few years ago, during Mr. Buckstone's vacation, he took the Haymarket Theatre, and in his advertisements of the performances, he puffed the various actors and actresses of his company in a ridiculous and distressing fashion, which brought down upon himself the deserved criticism and rebuke of the London press. Mr. Montgomery has for the last three years been acting in Australia, but foreign travel does not appear to have cured him of his pernicious habit of rushing into print. Mr. Bucket, of detective notoriety, was of opinion that it was a green thing to write letters. This advice is eminently applicable to tragedians, although there is no rule without an exception, and Mr. Charles Calvert's effectual snub of the wiseacre who last week advocated the opening of the theatres on Sundays is a case in point. A few weeks since, Mr. Walter Montgomery, who is at present performing in New York, *en route* for this country, advertised in a London journal that he would shortly return and be open for engagements, after his tour "round the *universe*." This is literally "starring" it with a vengeance. Has he been acting at the Royal Lunatic Theatre in the Moon, and visiting the whole solar system? In the same London journal Mr. Montgomery announces that, owing to his success in New York, he is obliged to postpone his visit to this country, and he inserts a number of absurd advertisements in praise of his performances, from the American papers, which are on a par with his own remarkable specimens of composition. We insert a few of these wonderful inspirations. After remarking that "old friends and admirers in England and Australia will read the following extracts from the generous New York press with interest and delight," the theatrical organ proceeds as follows :—

(*From the Brooklyn Union.*)

Mr. Montgomery's Marc Antony was striking and picturesque, also magnetic and contagious.

Mr. Montgomery was certainly "striking" when in Manchester, especially when he punched the head of an hotel-keeper's brother who declined to provide him with supper.

(*Brooklyn Eagle.*)

Mr. Montgomery as Marc Antony created a most favourable impression. His oration was delivered with thrilling effect, and he certainly justified his great reputation.

(*The Leader, New York.*)

Mr. Montgomery as Marc Antony, was quietly effective, and created a most favourable impression.—He is an actor of *singular physical beauty*, which the costume of Marc Antony served to display to the best advantage. The speech over the dead Cæsar, was a finely modulated *climax*, and was accepted as a triumph of declamation.

(*New York Atlas.*)

The speech over the gashed body of the dead Cæsar was thrilling and effective.

(*New York Courier.*)

Mr. Montgomery won admirers as Marc Antony, which, though uneven, embodied two or three electric flashes of excellence, that quite took the audience by storm.

(*New York Daily Tribune.*)

Mr. Montgomery looked like Antony. He mingled the voluptuary with the man of action. He strove for no effects. He was quiet in the earlier scenes, and seemed content to satisfy the eye; and in the later scenes he rose with the occasion, and was equal to it.

(*New York Weekly Times.*)

He is an electric actor.

When an ambitious amateur appeared in tragedy at Drury Lane Theatre, many years ago, a lady asked John Philip Kemble what he thought of him. "Madam," replied the tragedian, in his grand manner, "I think he is a very tall young man." A similar remark might be made regarding the talk of Mr. Montgomery's New York critics. Referring to the above, they might as appropriately describe him as an "electric" clock, or say that his "singular physical beauty was displayed to the best advantage" in a bathing costume!

THE BUTCHERS.

AT the annual dinner of the Manchester and Salford Butchers' Association, all the speakers expressed themselves as emphatically opposed to Public Abbatoirs. They declared on behalf of the Association that any attempted closing of the existing private slaughter-houses by the authorities would meet with the strongest opposition, legal and moral.

Now the butchers have some remarkably able men among them, and these men must know the futility of opposing the inevitable. They know well that the condition of the majority of the private slaughter-houses in Manchester and Salford can only be described as frightful. Both our Officers of Health have again and again raised their voices against the evil of their existence. Moreover, wherever they have been established, Public Abbatoirs have been a marked success. They have improved the tone and the morals of the trade itself. "Slink" cannot be run through a Public Abbatoir, while at present a large per centage of even apparently respectable butchers are not ashamed or afraid to harbour very questionable meat.

In their previous report the butchers had Mr. Leigh on the hip so far as his hygienic science was concerned. Such a passage as the following was too tempting even to unscientific butchers to be let slip :—"It appears to me desirable that slaughter-houses should be erected near the banks of rivers in large towns, with smooth drains leading by short courses to the streams. The liquid matters to be got rid of being fresh, would, if conducted into the rivers, do no harm. They would become so diluted, and so freely exposed to the atmosphere, as to undergo decomposition by oxidation, instead of by putrefaction."—*Report of Officer of Health, Jan. 2, 1869.*

The butchers, too, expressed a little sympathy for the sufferings of the poor brutes consigned to their axes and knives, caused by their transit by rail, but they ignored the worse sufferings inflicted by their own servants in their transit through the streets. When the butchers cease to sell whitened veal, and begin to feed and water their cattle at the markets, we shall believe that, though instruments of cruelty are in their habitations, yet that their hearts are human after all.

GRAVELOTTE AND SEDAN.

Lieut-Colonel Chesney, R.E., the military critic of the *Saturday Review*, describes the annihilation of Macmahon's army at Sedan as, beyond doubt, the most remarkable military event in Europe since the retreat from Moscow; and says Gravelotte was the hardest fought battle since Waterloo.

THE GRAVES OF THE WORDSWORTH HOUSEHOLD.—An old servant of Wordsworth's, who, to use his own expression, has "a bit of the last century in him," has been deputed to arrange for the enlargement of the railing surrounding the graves of the late poet and his wife, so as to take in those of his three infant children close by. Henceforth the thoughtless part of the public will not, as heretofore, show their respect for the memory of the great bard by treading upon the graves of his children.

THE SWEDENBORGIANS.—We have received a letter from Mr. Thomas Mackereth, F.R.A.S., criticizing the article on the Swedenborgians in our last number. We hope to give its substance, together with a few notes upon it, in our next issue.

GOOD HOUSE COAL to be had at 48, GRANBY ROW, at 7d per cwt.
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MECHANIST . . . . . Mr. J. R. Chapman.
The MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS will be under the supervision of Mr. R. H. Froggatte.

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Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly,

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithograph Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be and we prefer it specially, as being being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression, than that in use with the transfer paper.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

Sold in Manchester only by J. G. KERSHAW & CO.,

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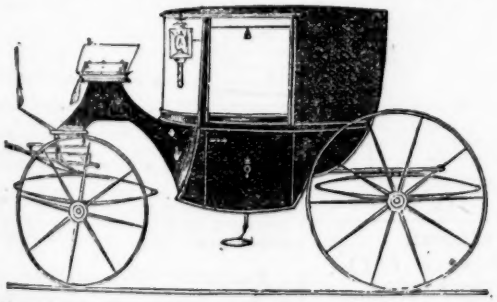
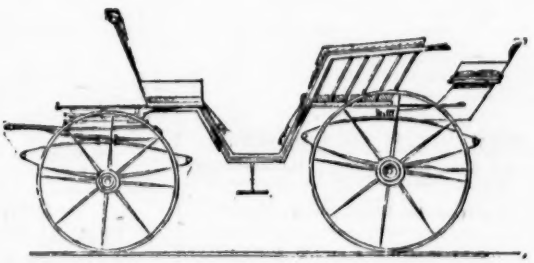
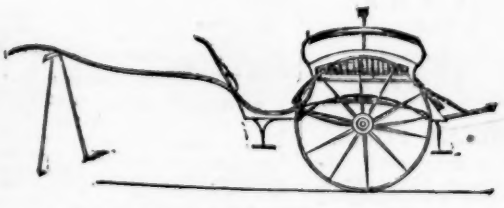
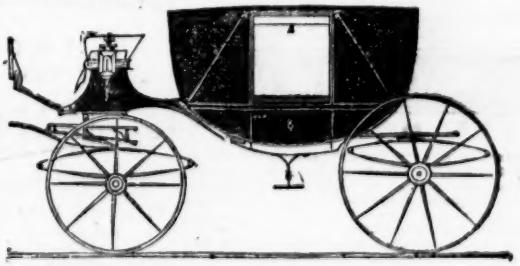
STRETFORD ROAD CARRIAGE WORKS.





J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his NEW RACKET CART or DRAG, the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only 3¼ cwt.





All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned Materials, and skilled Workmanship.

ESTIMATES AND DRAWINGS ON APPLICATION.

J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS. KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES, 70. DEANSGATE.

SEWING MACHINES.—THE GREATEST VARIETY OF THE BEST CLASS AT REDUCED PRICES.
SEWING SILKS, THREADS, COTTON, NEEDLE, OIL, AND EVERY REQUISITE FOR SEWING MACHINES. REPAIRS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
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Wedding Breakfasts,

BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied by MESSRS. PARKER AND SON, ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free.

BROWN'S COTTON GLANCE.—The above Circular is published every Monday, and may be had of the Author at a charge of Two-and-a-Half Guineas per annum, payable half-yearly in advance W. L. BROWN,
27, Fitzclarence Street, Liverpool.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

FOR STOPPING THE

Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sunday.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

Of the above Institution will (D.V.) be held in the

LARGE ROOM OF THE FREE TRADE HALL,

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1870.

The following, among others, have promised to be present and take part in the Meeting:—

MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP MANNING.
REV. CANON JENKINS, M.A., Welshpool.
REV. VERNER M. WHITE, LL.D., LIVERPOOL.
HUGH BIRLEY, Esq., M.P. C. E. CAWLEY Esq., M.P.
PETER RYLANDS, Esq., M.P.
C. J. HOLMES, Esq., Mayor of Warrington.
GEORGE WILD, Esq., Mayor of Stockport.
J. ASHWORTH, Esq.

Doors open at Six p.m. Chair to be taken at Seven p.m. by the

RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

TICKETS FREE, to be had at the Offices of the Association, 43, Market Street.

ROBERT WHITWORTH, } Hon.
T. A. STOWELL, M.A., } Secs.
EDWARD WHITWELL,
RICHARD HAWORTH, Treasurer.

JONES'S
PECTORAL OXYMEL OF HOREHOUND,

For Coughs, Colds, Hooping Cough, Influenza, Difficulty of Breathing, Soreness of the Chest, Hoarseness, Asthma, &c.
Sold in Bottles, at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

THE SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE.
Unrivalled for Family Use.
Noiseless in Movement: Easy in Management.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO.,
Deansgate, Police-st., and St. Ann's-st., Manchester.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
AND PILLS.

SHORTNESS OF BREATH, COUGHS, AND COLDS.—Thousands of testimonials can be produced to prove the power possessed by these corrective remedies in cases of asthma, incipient consumption, and all disorders of the chest and lungs. The Ointment well rubbed upon the chest and back, penetrating the skin, is absorbed and carried directly to the lungs, where, in immediate contact with the whole mass of circulating blood, it neutralises or expels those impurities, which are the foundation of consumption, asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, and similar complaints. On the appearance of the first consumptive symptoms the back and chest of the patient should be fomented with warm brine, dried with a coarse cloth, and Holloway's Ointment then well rubbed in. Its absorption will subdue advancing symptoms, and baffle this formidable foe.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE, GREAT NORTHERN, AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAYS.

NEWMARKET RACES.
HOUGHTON MEETING.

On SUNDAY, 23rd OCTOBER, a Special Express Train will run as under:—

Manchester (London Road Station..dep. 1 45 pm.
Guide Bridge ..... ,, 1 55 ,,
Sheffield (Victoria Station)..... ..... ,, 3 10 ,,
Newmarket..... arr. about 7 50 ,,

Returning from Newmarket at 3 50 p.m. on Saturday the 29th October, reaching Peterboro' about 5 45, Retford, 7 30, and Manchester, 9 45 p.m.

Tickets, Bills, and every information can be obtained on application at the Companies' Booking Office, London Road Station, and at the Booking Offices, Guide Bridge, Sheffield, and Retford.

FARES TO NEWMARKET.

	Single Journey. 1st Class.	2nd Class.
Manchester ..... } Guide Bridge ..... }	31s. 0d.	23s. 9d.
Sheffield	25s. 9d.	19s. 8d.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station,
Manchester, October, 1870.

United Kingdom Alliance for the Total Suppression of the Liquor Traffic.

THE ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING of the Members and Friends of the UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE will be held on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1870, in the Large Room of the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The following Gentlemen are expected to take part:—

The Ven Archdeacon Sanford, B.D.
Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P.
Hugh Birley, Esq., M.P.
Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P.
M. R. Dalway, Esq., M.P.
Hugh Mason, Esq., J.P. (Ashton).
Samuel Pope, Esq., Q.C. (Recorder of Bolton).
John S. Wright, Esq. (Birmingham).
Councillor Alexander M. Sullivan (Dublin).
Rev. G. W. Olver (Wesleyan Training College, Westminster).
Gurney Pease, Esq. (Darlington).

The Chair will be taken by Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, K.C.B. (Ex-Governor of Madras).

Admission by Ticket:—Reserved Seats One Shilling; Gallery and Body of Hall Free; to be obtained at the Alliance Offices, and other places as per Placards. Registered Seats may be secured, 1/6 each, at the Alliance Offices. Doors open at Six, and Chair to be taken at Seven o'clock prompt The General Council will sit in the Assembly Room from Ten to Three.
United Kingdom Alliance, 41, John Dalton Street, Manchester.

BETTER THAN EVER.—New Season CHINESE MIXED TEA, possessing double the strength and flavour of any other kind, containing Chinese weight; 18oz. packages, 3s. 6d.

S. JONES & CO., Importers of Teas.
2, ESSEX STREET, KING STREET.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

CHAMBERS' & CO.,
TAILORS AND DRAPERS.

Have REMOVED from 25, OLD MILLGATE to No. 24, OPPOSITE, to much larger and more eligible premises October 11th 1870.
The latest FASHIONS from Paris to be seen at this Establishment.

KING'S ARMS,
WINDMILL STREET
(Late CURRIE),
Entirely Re-fitted and Re-opened.
HENRY EARLE, Proprietor.
VISITORS TO THE THEATRES will find every accommodation in the intervals.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use
Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d per box.

FIREWORKS FOR SCHOOLS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS. PRICE LISTS FREE. FIREWORKS FOR THE COUNTRY AND ABROAD.

OWEN'S 1, OLDHAM ST., AND 80, DEANSGATE

FIREWORKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT LOW PRICES. PRICE LISTS FREE. FIREWORKS FOR ALL CLASSES.

Work Boxes, Inkstands, Hand Bags, Reticules, Smelling Bottles, Desks, Tea Caddies, Dressing Cases, Card Trays, Card Cases AND Musical Albums, Albums, Purses, Jewel Cases, Scent Cases, Cigar Cases

PRESENTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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LIFE POLICY HOLDERS protected against loss by the investment of the whole of their Net Premiums in Government Securities deposited in the Bank of England.
The full amount of the surrender value of the Policy may also be obtained on demand, each Policy being convertible into gold for the temporary use of the Policy-holder, if required. These Policies cannot lapse or be forfeited.
This perfect and equitable plan of Life Assurance was originally prepared by Dr. William Farr, F.R.S., &c., General Register Office, Somerset House, and submitted to Her Majesty's Government, who adopted the principle (with some modification) through the medium of the Post Office.
The basis of all just and safe Life Insurance transactions is a true Life Table. In calculating the Premiums, the English Life Tables published under the authority of the Registrar-General for England are employed.

Trustees of the Policy Holders' Life Funds:

Christopher Weguelin, Esq., Director of the Bank of England, London.
Charles Oppenheim, Esq., Director of the Union Bank, London.
Augustus F. Bayford, Esq., LL.D., Court of Probate, Doctors' Commons; Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.
William G. Goodliffe, Esq., Accountant-General, India Office, Westminster, London.

The system fully explained and a prospectus supplied on application at the Head Office or any of the Branches of the BRITISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICES:
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MANCHESTER.

All communications relative to Advertisements must be addressed, and Post Office Orders made payable to, "Mr. THOMAS POWELL, 55, Thompson Street, Shakespere Street, Ardwick Manchester," who is sole contractor for the Advertising space.

Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the "Excelsior" Printing Works, Hulme Hall Road, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester—Saturday, October 22, 1870.

J. C. EDWARDS, TOBACCONIST, &C., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigars, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. 107, PICCADILLY.